THE

POLYANTHOS.

FEBRUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF *COLONEL DAVID HUMPHREYS,*

Late Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Spain.

While Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skilled, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre—
That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
Roused the sad realms to urge th' unfinished war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow.
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a favourite, and so great a son.

Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

TO gratify that laudable curiosity, predominating in the human mind, to know every thing relative to those who have con-

tributed to our prosperity, happiness or amusement, was one of the principal objects for which this work was first intended. When we have become acquainted with a man's publick character and conduct, we are solicitous to know what are his private pursuits, studies and humours. We would follow him to his closet, observe his domestick conduct, and learn his habits and manners when in the circle of his most intimate friends. The editor has to regret that difficulties almost insurmountable have frequently obstructed his progress, and prevented the attainment of this object. In the present case particularly he laments that more ample materials are not in his possession.*

'Whoever has been conversant with the history of literature cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views, with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least one or two on whose

* For those parts of this sketch marked as quotations, we are indebted to an unknown writer. The facts stated are however believed to be correct. They were first published in an English Magazine, and supposed to have been written by a native American....*Polyanthos.*

judgment they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

'The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these, some were incited to similar pursuits; and among the first was the subject of the present article.

'DAVID HUMPHREYS was born at Derby, state of Connecticut, about the year 1752, was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance, at this time, with the Muses, and with his friends Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Col. Phillips, state of New-York, on leaving college, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situations, plans, prospects and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid-de-camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780 he was

promoted to be Aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of General Washington he continued till the end of the war; and after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia.'

Col. Humphreys signalized himself at the siege of York, as appears by the following Resolve of Congress:

By the United States in Congress assembled, November 7, 1781.

RESOLVED, That an elegant sword be presented, in the name of the United Staes in Congress assembled, to Colonel Humphreys, Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, to whose care the standards taken under the capitulation of York, were committed, as a testimony of their opinion of his fidelity and ability; and that the Board of War take order therein.

Charles Thomson, Sec'ry.

'On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin as ambassador to France, Col Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the Courier

de l' Europe, the ship in which he left America.—

"Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
Our Polish friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth whom bays and laurels early crowned,
In virtue, science, arts and arms renowned."

'Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a representative from his native town to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service, and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New-England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788; when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced, and his commission terminated. But during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politicks divided their attention; and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

'After the reduction of his corps, Colonel Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the orgaization of the new government, and election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New-York, and was a member of his family till his publick appointment to Portugal in 1790.'

Col. Humphreys was afterwards appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and resided in Europe till about the year 1802, when he returned to America, and took up his residence in Boston. For reasons not at present known, he disposed of his house and furniture last summer, and is now on a visit to Europe.

'As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critick forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the first rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his cotemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day.

'What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "Address to the Armies," at a time

when, like Camden, "One hand the sword, and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained for their author a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastellux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English Journals boldly challenge the author as a native of Britain.'

The poetical works of Colonel Humphreys consist of

1. An Address to the Armies of the United States.
2. A Poem on the Happiness of America.
3. A Poem on the Future Glory of the United States.
4. A Poem on the Industry of the United States.
5. A Poem on the Love of Country.
6. A Poem on the Death of General Washington.
7. Occasional Poems, Epistles, Elegies, &c.
8. The Widow of Malabar, a Tragedy, translated from the French—first played at the Philadelphia theatre in May, and published in August, 1790.

Beside these he is the author of an Essay on the Life of General Putnam, several Political Tracts, and an Oration delivered before the

Cincinnati of Connecticut, at the dissolution of their Society.

All the above-mentioned works, except The Widow of Malabar and the Oration, were collected and published in an octavo volume, by T. & J. Swords, New-York, 1804.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. IV.

"Undique collatis membris."

SATIRISTS.

THE author of the Pursuits of Literature, speaking of the chief Satirists of ancient and modern fame, says, 'I may be singular perhaps; but if I except Lucilius, (who is known to us only by detached lines and short passages) in my opinion, the fulness of that glory never shone BUT ON SIX POETS. "Quos orbe sub omni Jam vix septenâ numerat sapientia famâ."

HORACE,

In the politest age, under the despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the emperour: yet he was peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious, foolish, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be misunderstood. He noted the name, the profession and the rank of those whom he devoted

to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame. Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry.

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS.

In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied directly and irresistibly to the inmost feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either spared or neglected, but their works were admired and circulated.

BOILEAU.

An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France. Then appeared a poet second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was Boileau. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought; such an ardent zeal

for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whose works as a poet and a critick, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the Fourteenth are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed, he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans; and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition, sometimes their superiour, he is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners will ever suffer to be broken.

DRYDEN.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name Dryden, I comprehend every varied excellence of OUR poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the

full power of the English language. My business with him at present is only as a Satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection, what I would term, "the Allegory of Satire." Fables indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names, which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe; but his masterpiece is that wonderful and unequalled performance Absalom and Achitophel. He presents to us an heroick subject in heroick numbers, a well constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrours of anarchy, sedition, rebellion and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, pro-

priety and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in its highest form: but it is Satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him "unhappy," from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, and easy badinage, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiæ which are often required, the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

POPE.

The Sixth and last of this immortal brotherhood, in the fulness of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came Pope. All that was wanting to his illustrious predecessor found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression, which distinguished this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to this office. He had *first* cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in the pathetick, and

in general criticism; and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and judgment so eminently designed him Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced by the attentions of *the fair;* admired by the learned; a favourite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and industry; the companion of persons distinguished for birth, high fashion, rank, wit, or virtue; resident in the centre of all publick information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are so generally read and studied, that I should not merely fatigue, but should almost insult the reader by such a needless disquisition.

COPIOUSNESS OF LANGUAGE.

THE *Alcoranish Arabick*, says Bishop Watson, so far excels other languages in copiousness, that the various appellations for one single thing, and their explanations, afford matter for a complete volume. It has *five hundred* names for a lion, *two hundred* for a serpent, *eighty* for honey, on which last Firauzabadius says that he had written a whole book. The

same writer testifies, that the names for a sword are above *a thousand*, which he has enumerated in a work composed by him.

ONE CAUSE OF IGNORANCE IN THE DARK AGES.

AMONG the causes of that dreadful dearth of literature which cursed the world from the seventh to the tenth century, the excellent Robertson, in his Proofs and Illustrations, has assigned the want of papyrus. Cut off from their usual communication with Egypt by the Saracens, the Italians were obliged to write all their books upon parchment, and as the price of that was high, books became extremely rare and of great value. We may judge of the scarcity of the materials for writing them from one circumstance. There still remain several manuscripts of the eighth, ninth, and following centuries, written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased, in order to substitute a new composition in its place. A book of Livy or of Tacitus might be erased, to make room for the legendary tale of a saint, or the superstitious prayers of a missal.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE following sublime and glowing description of an event recorded in sacred history is the production of James Grahame, author of

The Sabbath, Birds of Scotland, &c. It discovers an imagination enthusiastick and poetical, and a heart warmed by the flame of pure devotion.

The setting orb of night her level ray
Spread o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched—when in the east arose,
Last of the stars, day's harbinger; No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot;
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead,
The holy one; but lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow;
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave:
Bright and more bright the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy;
Yes, with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in Jesus' breast of love, was joy,
At man's redemption now complete; at death
Disarmed; the grave transform'd into the couch
Of faith; the resurrection, and the life.
Majestical he rose; trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk

Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE unhappy fate of this 'mighty magician of The Mysteries of Udolpho, bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses, in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothick superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment,' has often drawn the sympathetick tear from the eye of sensibility. The following little Poem, published about a year since in the Boston Magazine, was occasioned by reading in the newspapers an account of her insanity. It has been republished in most of the American periodical works, and has lately found its way into several English papers. The author, who was probably known to but few, was a youth of about sixteen, at that time an apprentice to a printer in this town. The fastidious critick may perhaps turn up his nose with a sneer, but to the admirers of Mrs. Radcliffe or the friends of juvenile poets, its introduction here will require no apology.

The Wreck of Reason.

Would your imagination stray;
To scenes of horrour make its way;
Would it from folly take its flight;
From scenes of pleasure, to affright;

Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,
And o'er the *wreck of reason* weep ;
—Hither come, ye blithe and gay,
Come, and throw your mirth away.
Weeping beauty, hither hie,
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh ;
Come and see, ye giddy vain,
A sadder sight than 'crazy Jane.'
The tender heart, the liberal mind,
The soul by sentiment refined,
The modest mein, the graceful air,
Are gone and all is ruin there ;
The matchless whole, divinely graced,
Is changed into chaotick waste ;
The timid mind, with terrour sated,
Starts at the phantoms it created.
—See the maniack's ghastly stare !
See her loose dishevelled hair !
See her wildly rolling eyes,
Distorted form, and piercing cries !
See she trembles, writhes and groans,
And fills the air with piteous moans !
—O Radcliffe, this at last thy fate,
To sink to such a dreadful state !—
See she shudders, starts, and raves
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,
Of antique arms and haunted halls,
Of tottering turrets, mouldering walls.—
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,

The raven's flap, the boding owl,
The warning knell, the mystick roll,
With horrour strike her frenzied soul.
The murky vault's terrifick gloom,
The echoes from the dismal tomb,
The quivering pall, the crimsoned knife,
All gory with the blood of life,
The secret cell, the glimmering light,
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,
The pendent chain, the magick chest,
With terrour fill her frantick breast.

No more she'll pen the fairy dream,
The awful, yet the pleasing theme;
No more portray with matchless art,
To frighten, yet delight the heart;
Genius in her has left the throne,
And madness now usurps alone.
Let frozen souls, precise and nice,
Call her the native child of vice;
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,
Affect to startle and bewail,
A potent reason all may bring,
They in her *moral* find a *sting*.
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,
And icy hearts *by virtue led*,
When pitying death relieves her woe,
And lays the hapless victim low,
Might come, and on the *maniack's* bier,
Shed pensive *pity's* softest tear.

CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Doctor Johnson, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale upon the subject of marriage, says, "that he believes there would be fewer unhappy ones, if the Lord Chancellor had the power of uniting each pair according to their characters and circumstances, without either being permitted to have a choice of their own." As far as character and circumstances depend, the Doctor's opinion is incontrovertible; though I believe few men would be inclined to cherish an affection for women who were forced into their arms. For compulsion of every kind is so obnoxious to human nature, that from mere opposition each party would rebel.

A custom formerly prevailed in one part of England of presenting a flitch of bacon to the happy pair, who could make oath that they had lived in perfect harmony for a twelve-month and a day, which was presented to them by the Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow in Essex, in the abbey church. In what year this ceremony was originally instituted appears not to be accurately known; but Fitz-Walter was the name of the first donor of the Bacon; and the persons who received it were to take the following oath, kneeling upon two sharp stones.

I swear, by the custom of our confession,
That I never made a nuptial transgression;
Nor, since we were made man and wife;
By household brawls, or contentious strife,

Otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other, in deed, or in word;
Or since the parish clerk said, amen,
Have wished ourselves *unmarried* again;
And for a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought or way;
But continued true in our desire,
As when we joined hands in the holy choir.
And to these conditions, without all fear,
Of our own accord we freely swear,
That we have a right the bacon to receive,
And will bear it hence, with your love, and good leave.

Previous however to this singular oath being taken, a jury of six men and six maidens assembled in the abbey church, for the purpose of hearing, from the friends of the parties, whether they really deserved the reward. If, from the accounts they received, the happy pair were thought worthy of this honour, they were then chaired in the true electioneering style, preceded by the clergyman, the Lord of the Manor, &c. &c. and the reward of conjugal felicity borne before them upon a high pole.

The first claim which was made upon the Lord of the Manor of Dunmow was in the twenty-sixth year of Henry the Sixth's reign; and the last who received it was a woolcomber of the name of Shakeshanks, in 1751.

THE *mouth* of a beautiful woman is thus described by one of the most gallant noblemen, and elegant poets, of the age in which he lived :

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her words her teeth did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

I HAVE SEEN.

I HAVE seen many things which I pretended not to see. I have often smiled and frolicked with those whom I disliked. I have experienced ingratitude in serving men who were reckoned virtuous, and I have seen the most stupid and empty babblers succeed greatly beyond their deserts.

I have seen women sacrifice the honour of their husbands to the most unprincipled gallants I have seen miserable fribbles obtain from them favours which they refused to men of genuine merit and delicacy. I have seen many men squander their fortune, and ruin themselves for women, who laughed at them, and gave themselves to their rivals for nothing.

I have seen delicacy of sentiment prove mischievous, and treachery be of great avail. I have seen that, in love, folly is more advantageous than reason.

I have seen ladies attach guilt to men who were innocent, and load with their favours those who had wronged them. In short, I have seen so many things contradictory to good sense, and I am so much convinced that the most cruel sufferings often proceed from the most noble desires, that my angry heart no longer inspires any strains but those which are bitter as the recollections with which it is filled.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. IV.

As I care little what others think of men and things, if I am pleased with my own notions, I shall proceed in my literary journey as *I* please, change my direction when I please, loiter when I please, stop when I please, and travel as slow or as fast as I please; or, to speak more poetically,

As the various fits
Of humour seize me, from philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

It is however a matter of exceeding great grief to me, that any of my brethren of the

quill, those all-learned gentlemen styled criticks, *should* chance to prick their acute noses while sagaciously employed in rooting up my poor productions, and *then* say *I* concealed the thorn on purpose to wound them. I assure these gentlemen it is far from being the case; that I am a harmless man, and intend injury to no one; but if a man is knocked down by running against my post in the dark, I see no reason why he should blame me for planting it.

It is my serious intention to oblige the world with a long, elaborate, learned, critical and curious lucubration or work, upon the art of *teeth-shewing*—the origin of teeth shewing, its progress from the time of Adam to Noah, from Noah to the establishment of the Roman Empire, from that period to the dark ages, and from thence to modern times, when it has arrived to such a high pitch of refinement. To which is to be added by way of appendix a Philosophical Disquisition upon teeth shewing, as practised by the inhabitants of Africa. As this treatise would however ask a Folio to do it justice, and require such labour of research, such industry, such penetration and sagacity, I must lay it by for the present, and content myself with giving a few outlines and making a few superficial remarks. If the publick however, (the ladies in particular and those animals of the butterfly genus termed *fops* and *beaux*) would but extend their patronage that I may be enabled *tot adire labores*, to undergo such mighty

hardships, it is with pleasure I inform them that subscription papers will soon be issued, and if five hundred subscribers are procured it will be commenced immediately, and is to be printed on *fools-cap*, bound in *calf:* and if our patrons extend to *six* hundred, *gilt edged.*

The following is an analysis of the work. And to begin with the title page I must inform the reader, of my most elegant and appropriate classical motto, "*Renidet usquequaque*" which is to be interpreted "always on the grin."—The work is to be divided into books, the books into chapters, the chapters into sections &c. &c. &c. making in the whole nine hundred and ninety nine divisions, not including the appended treatise.

There are four ways of teeth shewing, viz. by the *simper*, by the *smile*, by the *laugh*, and by the *grin;* the latter I would observe by the way is not the most elegant, yet has of late acquired an ascendant, and stands a chance of carrying away the palm. These four constitute the subject of the books; now these books are divided as I said before into chapters; as for instance, the book entitled *simper* has four chapters; they are the *sim*, *simp*, *simpe*, and *simper;* of the smiles there are an infinite number, of laughs not quite so many, but as to the grin, many a time, *sudavi & alsi, ex fumo dare lucum*, have I laboured unceasingly to draw something out of nothing. I have succeeded however in making a few sections and chapters, although it required the critical acumen of an Euclid to distinguish ac-

curately between one grin and another.—What I have said is sufficient to show the great merit of my work. As to method,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum,

has been my rule ; I have a beginning, middle and end, and therefore have no doubt that I shall please the criticks ; but if they should chance to disapprove the addenda to the work, as in the least altering that method, it shall be published by itself in a separate quarto volume.

I shall conclude, as our divines say, with a few general observations and an application of the subject. Simpering, smiling, laughing, and grinning are sure indications of pleasure. For we observe, if a man be ill-humoured or cross, he closes his mouth and it is impossible to get a single glimpse of any thing like a tooth. But observe, should any occurrence intervene to occasion pleasure, immediately his features are relaxed, then he simpers, then smiles, then laughs, and finely stretches his mouth upon the grin from ear to ear. So fashionable has this art become that no time, labour, or expense, are omitted in order to polish the enamel of the teeth to that glossy whiteness necessary for an elegant *grin*. And how delightful is it to look around a ball room or tea party and see the beaux and belles showing each other their white teeth, and vying in their superiour number, or whiteness. So high indeed has this art arisen, that I have known a good set of teeth, displayed with

artfulness and dexterity, do more execution than the finest pair of black or blue eyes the world can boast. Upon this subject the candid reader will excuse me if, as a specimen of the elegance of style and beauty of description with which my work abounds, I make an extract from the second division of the fifth section of the fourteenth chapter of the fourth book—

"Reader, give full scope to thy ardent fancy, let her with the colours of the rainbow depict on thy glowing imagination, a woman as beautiful as Beauty, and as graceful as the Graces.—See her enter the room while sylphs and sylphids seem to hover through her ringlets, adding grace to her form and elegance to her movements. Yet alas! what is the humid light of her azure eye, the roses of her cheeks, or the lillies of her bosom, till she disparts her cherry lips, and displays to our ardent gaze those teeth which rival in whiteness the snow of mount Chimborazzo; then, O then, is she killing; and who can avoid exclaiming, in phrase poetical,

O hide, sweet nymph, hide from our raptur'd sight
Those lovely dimples and those teeth so white;
Oh grant our prayers, Lo! at your feet we fall,
For those sweet teeth will sure devour us all."

Some of our beaux I confess have not cultivated this art with the assiduity and attention they ought to have done. And with some of them, grinning has become so habitual that I never see them but they put me in mind of a

countryman facing a snow storm, and showing his teeth as though wroth at the bitterness of the cold. In fine, I may say in imitation of a most learned statesmen of ours, that even were old Solomon to be called from the vasty deep, he would, beside the alteration he mentioned, have added another item to his catalogue of times, and would have said "there is a time to grin."

I shall finish this lucubration with a most exquisite morceau of antiquity, which, thanks to Poggio, escaped the clutches of oblivion. As it is in Latin however I will give the reader the English of it by an anonymous translator, else he may grin at me through maliciousness for the loss of so much excellence, elegance, and instruction.

Egnatius, quod candidos habet dentes,
Renidet usquequaque : &c. &c.

Because Egnatius' teeth are nicely white,
To grin and shew them is his sole delight;
If haply at a trial he appear,
Where eloquence commands the gushing tear;
He grins.—If at the pile her duteous son
The childless mother weeps, forever gone;
He grins—In short, whate'er the time or place,
Do as he may, the grin still marks his face;
'Tis his disease; and speaking as I feel,
We cannot call it decent or genteel.

* * * * *

E'en then that careless ill tim'd grin forego;
A silly laugh's the silliest thing I know.

* * * * *

That those who are skilled in Latin may take the full force of the last line, I give it as it stands in the original :—

Nam risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est.

NEHEMIAH NOTIONAL.

CHARACTER OF GEN. WARREN.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Philadelphia, soon after the death of General Warren, 1775.

—— "SUCH were our feelings upon hearing of the death of the illustrious Warren who fell at the head of a detachment of the American troops on Bunker's Hill.

It is impossible to do justice to his full-orbed character. He filled each of his important departments of life so well, that he seemed born for no others. He displayed, in the course of three and thirty years, all the talents and the virtues of the Man, the Patriot, the Senator, and the Hero. He was unlike the Spartan general only, in not expiring in the arms of victory ; but even in this unfortunate event he has served his country ; for he has taught the sons of freedom in America that the laurel may be ingrafted on the cypress, and that true

glory may be acquired not only in the arms of victory, but in the arms of death.

If our pleasures were exalted in proportion to the extent and degree of our benevolence, how shall we describe those pleasures which the hero feels, who performs the highest act of benevolence to mankind, by dying in defence of his country! He enjoys a prelibation the most like the joys of heaven, that mortals can taste upon earth; he partakes of the nature and happiness of God.

Say, illustrious shade! what new resentments kindle in thy bosom at the prospect of executing vengeance upon the foes of liberty! Say, what were the transports of thy mind, when the twice repulsed enemy fled before thy powerful arms! But alas, when borne down with numbers thou wast forced to retreat, and Death showed his commission to the ball that pierced thy bosom, say, what joy thrilled after it, at the prospect of having thy brows encircled with the patriot's crown of martyrdom!

Tell me, ye brave Americans, who beheld our hero fall, did he not in his last moments pour forth his usual expressions of loyalty to the crown of Britain, and his wonted prayer for the welfare of his country? Did he not in faultering accents call upon his fellow soldiers to forget his death, and avenge his country's wrongs alone?—Ah, he breathes his last!—Crowd not too close on his shade, ye holy ministers of heaven! make room for yonder spir-

it ! it is the illustrious Hampden, who flies to embrace him, and pointing to the wounds that deprived him of life above an hundred years ago in a conflict with arbitrary power, he claims the honour of conducting Warren to the regions of perfect liberty and happiness.

What a noble spectacle is the body of a hero who has offered up his life as a ransom for his country ! Come hither, ye vindictive ministers, and behold the first fruits of your bloody edicts. What atonement can ye make his children for the loss of such a father,—to the king for the loss of such a subject,—to your country for the loss of such a member of society ! You may now recal your military executioners. Here you may satiate your lust for arbitrary power—you have slain its most implacable enemy."

SHAKESPEARE AND GARRICK.

[*The following is a correct copy of the grand panegyrical Oration, delivered by Mr. Garrick, at the Apotheosis of Shakespeare, at the Stratford Jubilee, in the composition of which Mr. G. is said to have been assisted by the late Earl of Chatham and Lord Lyttleton.*]

"The only science of mankind is man !"—This is the aphorism of an author, who has been equally admired as a philosopher and a poet;

and, as it is allowed that man is the fittest object of our studies, the drama, which exhibits the passions and pursuits of man, stands in the first class of literary composition.

Shakespeare is, above all others, allowed to be the poet of nature; aud therefore, as an author, stands highest in the highest class. The beings exhibited by the poet of nature, are men. They are creatures of the imagination, acting from principles by which human actions were never produced, and suffering distresses which human beings never suffered; but partakers of the same nature with ourselves, to whose hearts our own sensations are a clue; beings of the like passions, impelled by the same hopes and fears, and sacrificing virtue to interest, and interest to virtue, as circumstances occur with dispositions, and opinions connect present and immediate good and evil with future, either by natural consequences, or through judicial determination.

But the contemplation of man, as exhibited by the poet upon the stage, is of more advantage than as passing before us in the scenes of life. In the world we see only the actions of mankind; and before we can infer any useful knowledge from them, we must investigate their motives, and often suspend our judgments of the consequences, till they appear in a distant event; but in the scenes where men are exhibited by the poet, we see at once their action and its secret springs, which being thus connect-

ed as to effect and cause, we are afterwards able to refer conduct into passions and principles; we see also upon the stage, the final events, in which the whole concatenation of motion and action terminates which enables us to look through life with a kind of intuitive sagacity, and discover the effects of human action in their causes.

But Shakspeare does not only teach us what is most our interest to know; by the very manner in which he conveys the most important knowledge, he gives us the most rational, exquisite, and refined delight. He has not delineated a chart, but paints a picture. He shews us the path of life, not by geometrical lines, but by perspective and elevation. He does not personify human passions, and exhibit them, either separate or combined, as they would appear abstracted from the modes of life; he "catches the manners living as they rise;" he paints characters, not merely as resulting from different turns of disposition, or degrees of understanding, but from situation and habits; their passions and principles are indeed general, but they act and speak with the peculiarities of a class, though not of an individual. Shallow and Falstaff differ as much in consequence of circumstances that made one a justice, and the other a soldier, as of any radical turn of mind; they are originals of nature, from which the portraits are as well known now, as they were then; the difference which custom has produ-

ced in the language, is but like different dresses, in which the same air and features will always be distinguished. Justice Shallow is still to be found, though he has changed his coat, and he still boasts of wenching, though prostitutes are no longer called *bona robas;* of midnight frolicks though it is not now the custom of rakes to sleep in the windmill, in St. George's Fields; and of familiarity with the great, though there is no object of puny ambition, called John of Guant.

We get knowledge from Shakspeare, not with painful labour, as we dig gold from the mine, but at leisure, and with delight, as we gain health and vigour from the sports of the field!

A picture frequently pleases which represents an object in itself disgustful. Teniers represents a number of Dutch boors, drunk, and carousing in a wretched hovel, and we admire the piece for a kind of relative beauty, as a just imitation of life and nature. Whenever, accordingly, we are struck in Shakspeare, we know his original, and contemplate the truth of his copy with delight.

It was happy for Shakspeare, and for us, that in his time, there was no example, by the imitation of which he might hope to be improved. He paints from nature as she appeared to his own eye, and not from a transcript of what was seen in nature by another! The genius looks not upon nature, but through it; not at the out-

line only, but the different nice and innumerable points within it, at all that the variation of tints, and the endless combination of light and shade can express. So it was with Shakspeare, he perceived at one glance, and intuitively comprehended all the inexhaustible varieties of life. To copy only what another designs, is to render superiour perspicacity in vain; and neither the poet nor the painter can hope to excel, who is contented to reflect, or to seek for nothing in nature which others have not found.

But there are beauties in Shakspeare, not relative; powers that he did not imagine, but create. He was as another nature. He represents not only actions that were not performed, but beings that did not exist. Yet to those beings, he assigns not only faculty, but character; he gives them not only peculiar dispositions, but characteristick modes of expressing them; they have character, not merely from the passions, and understanding, but from situation and habit. Caliban and Ariel, like Shallow and Falstaff, are not more strongly distinguished in consequence of different natures, than of different circumstances.

As there was no poet to seduce Shakspeare to imitation, there was no critick to restrain his extravagancies; yet we find the force of his own judgment sufficient to rein his imagination, and to reduce to a system the world he had made!

Does any one now inquire whether Shakspeare were learned? Do they mean whether

he knew how to call the same thing by several names? For learning, with respect to languages, teaches no more. Learning, in its best sense, is only nature at the rebound! It is only the discovery of what it is; and who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye, derives learning from its source; rules of poetry have been deducted from examples, and not examples from rules. As a poet, therefore, Shakspeare did not need books; and in no instance, where he needed them as a philosopher or an historian, does he appear ignorant of what they teach.

His language, like his conception, is strongly marked with the characters of nature: it is bold, figurative, significant; his terms, rather than his sentences, are metaphorical; he calls an endless multitude, a sea, by a happy allusion of the perpetual succession of wave to wave—and he immediately expresses opposition, by taking up arms! His language will be found that in which a figurative and rapid conception will always be expressed. In a word, the language both of the prophet and the poet—of native eloquence, and of divine inspiration!

It has been objected to Shakspeare, that he wrote without any moral purpose; but I boldly reply, that he has effected a thousand! He did not, indeed, always contrive a series of events, from the whole of which some moral purpose may be inferred; but he has contrived some rule of conduct, some principle of know-

ledge, not only in every speech of his dialogue, but in every incident, character and event.

Thus great was Shakspeare, as he appears in his works. But in himself, he was greater still. The genius in every art has an idea of perfection, which he cannot attain. This idea, beyond what others feel, and a perpetual effort to reach it, produced that excellence which distinguishes his works. But Shakespeare appears to have despised his performances, when he compared them, not only with his ideas, but with his powers; for how else can we account for his taking no care to collect them? When he saw part of them incorrectly published by others, he neither amended the faults nor secured the rest from the same injury. It appears, therefore, "that he judged those works unworthy of being preserved, by restoring and explaining which, the criticks of succeeding ages were to contend for fame!"

'Thus, without the incentive of future reputation, without any other exertion of his powers, than what would satisfy an audience, wholly unacquainted with the rules of the drama, he has excited universal admiration, as the sun becomes glorious, by the spontaneous effusion of his rays.

Is there any here, whose attention has been fixed; whose imagination filled; and whose passions moved by other scenes, as they have been fixed, moved and filled by the scenes of Shakspeare? If there be any, speak! for him have I offended.

To feel the powers of Shakspeare, is at once pleasure and praise. When we express these sensibly, therefore, by an act of homage to his memory, we erect a monument of honour to to ourselves. To ourselves indeed, and to posterity. To posterity, whom we stimulate to excellence by the hope of fame, all that we offer to the *manes* of Shakspeare, must eventually relate. In these fields, where we are pleased with the notion of doing him honor, he is mouldering into dust!

'Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.'

How awful is the thought! If I speak, it must be in my own character and in yours. We are men; and we know that the hour approaches with silent and irresistible rapidity, when we also shall be dust! We are now in health and at ease; but the hour approaches when we shall be sensible only to sickness and to pain; when we shall perceive the world gradually to fade from our sight, and to close our eyes in perpetual darkness. These truths we know to be indubitable and important, yet they are sometimes forgotten, and, stranger still, are sometimes remembered with indifference! Let one, by whom the poet of Avon has so often touched the heart with imaginary woe, be now forgotten, if, unassisted by his language or his thoughts, I have tried the force of reality and truth. If, at this moment, we not only know, but feel, that where Shakspeare

is, we shortly shall be, let us preserve that sacred sensibility which will never embitter the enjoyments of life, if it effectually remind us of its use!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

Written by Mrs. Barbauld.

So may some gentle Muse,
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

Mrs. Chapone, who died, December 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the publick, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of hers which were given to the world, were the interesting story of *Fidelia* in the *Adventurer*, and a Poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epictetus*; but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady*. This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm, spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and

affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts, it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed about the same time to young women, (Dr. Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettiness and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of Miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the publick; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso: her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own

nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

"Prudence slow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the first circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain: but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for musick. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shewn that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classicks. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the most distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable senior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved

niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those, who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the publick, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedside; so was it with Mrs. Chapone —But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

SCENE *from a Comick Opera called The Blind Girl, by T. Morton, Esq.*

Sligo. Is it done, I wonder? Hist! Don Valentia! Not here—Then I suppose the job is settled—Faith considering this Don Valentia is the son in law of his Excellency Don Gallardo, viceroy of Peru, he has but paltry notions of

matters.—Now, first, to fall in love with the daughter of an Apothecary; why that's unlike a gentleman; and then, to carry her away from her father's by force;—faith, I've a notion that's very unlike a gentleman.—Hold, I must not go too near her father's old Bonito's—And this is the place her maid, Viletta, was to meet me in. Poor Viletta! what, between her conscience on one hand, her love for me on the other, and a purse of gold on the other, the poor girl's quite bother'd—Now, I'm a man of accuracy—I calculate every thing. I say, injury to conscience, twenty pistoles;—received for a secret service thirty;—balance, fifteen.

Vil. (without) Signor! signor!

Sligo. That's Viletta's voice.

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Oh, Mr. Sligo, I'm so terrified, I can't speak—I can't speak indeed.

Sligo. So I hear—Come, try again.

Vil. They have carried off my mistress. Oh dear, Oh dear! what a wicked man Don Valentia must be! and so must you, to persuade me to consent to it. You think I have no conscience?

Sligo. Oh, no; I sincerely hope you have—For Don Valentia order'd me to give you part of the contents of this purse; so, the more conscience you have, the more will remain for me. *(she snatches the purse)* What, all! Faith, and

you have a very tender conscience, and be damn'd to it.

Vil. But, now, are you sure Don Valentia intends marrying my mistress.

Sligo. Quite certain. He gave me his honour upon that, or the devil a lift would he have had from Sligo.—No, not for both the Indies, and Limerick. Well, now go home, and swear to her father that you know nothing of the matter; for I must be after attending the viceroy in his grand entry into the city of Lima.

Vil. You attend him—What, have you a place?

Sligo. A place! No, no; I am too cunning for that.—For by an appointment I could not expect more than 500 pistoles a year; instead of which, by having no place at all, I get 5000. For when any thing is to be done out of the usual rotine of office, who is the man to do it? Who, but Mr. Sligo?—If a bit of a bribe is to be conveyed to a great gentleman, it's where's Mr. Sligo? If an amorous billet is to be slipt into a gallant's hand, the sweet creature cries out, "And where's Mr. Sligo?" So, you see my pet, that, without having any place at all, I am a kind of master of the miscellanies, overseer of the odds and ends, and grand controller of this, that and t'other

Vil. Hush! Who are these?

Sligo. A tribe of Indians, descended from the ancient sovereigns of Peru. That young man is the Ynca—You must know that when a vice-

roy enters the city of Lima, it is the custom for him to do homage to the representative of the ancient Kings.

Vil. Is he then a great man?

Sligo. A great man! he's drest up now for the occasion; but he's as poor, as our forefather's were rich—So, that between ourselves, this homage is little better than what I call a bit of an insult.—For, put the case now as to myself, I am, as all the world knows, descended from the ancient Kings of Ireland.

Vil. Indeed!

Sligo. The family tree is straight as a Shelali, without one left-handed twig, or a simple zig-zag any how in the whole pedigree. And only fancy the lord lieutenant coming to my mud cabin, to ax my leave to rule over Ireland. Why you know it would be all humbug and botheration. Well, good bye, Viletta—And I say, my jewel, be sure you keep your tender conscience warm and comfortable—Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

* * * * * *

Fred. Thank heaven, we behold the famed city of Lima. Having reached the habitations of men, I hope you will be more cheerful Splash.

Splash. Quite the contrary master, unless you can get something to eat. In the forest, where all we met, were as hollow eyed, and famished as ourselves, hunger was bearable; but now, when I smell savory steams from every kitchen, it is not to be endured.

Fred. Don't think of it, Splash.

Splash. Well, sir, I'll try.

Fred. Observe the magnificence of that palace.

Splash. Ah, there dwells luxury.

Fred. And here dwells misery

Splash. And at the next door on your left hand dwells famine! Oh! what business had I to follow a man of genius, when it is well known it cannot support itself, much less an attendant genius. I, that bid so fair to thrive in the world? I, that, thank heaven, can neither read nor write? I, that never knew what it was to shed a tear, except when I was cutting an onion into an Irish stew. Oh, lord, I'm worse! I hope this, sir, will be a lesson to you, not to run about the world, exploring nature's secrets, as you call it. I'm sure she has proved to us, she thinks it damn'd impertinent to take such indecent liberties with her. She spit at us with her rain, hissed us with her winds, singed us with her lightning, bullied us with her thunder. Oh, Splash! Splash! what had you to do a shipboard.

SONG.

1. Cease, thou gnawing, grumbling railer
List, kind master unto me,
Hear a poor fresh water Sailor,
Curse the hour he went to sea.
A Tar all pitch did hoarsely bawl, sir,
"All hands aloft"—sweet sir, not I,

Tho' drowning I don't fear at all, sir,
I dread a rope exceedingly.

2. Good eating none has a better hand at,
But little practice had I here,
The Madeira's we could not land at,
Nor the turtle shore come near;
At length the sailor's cry'd "we spy land,"
I then for goodly cheer did look,
For I heard it was a Sandwich island,
And discover'd by a Cook.

3. But Yams and Nuts did not hit my notion,
And fate had other woes in store;
From storms in the Pacifick Ocean,
Bump'd me on this cursed shore.
But let me reach a place in my land,
I'll not heed what India yields,
It is called Porridge Island,
In Saint Martin's in the fields.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

When the late Lord Orrery and Mr. Garrick were discoursing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Mr. Mossop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Mr. Garrick himself:—"By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his *voice*

is coarse and unharmonious."—Well, but excepting his *voice*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—"No ; his *action* has a feature of sameness in it that must ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene."—"Well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice* and *action*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—No ; his *conceptions* are not governed by truth.—"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice*, *action*, and *conception*, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—No ; his *person* is to the last degree ungraceful.—"Well, well, my friend Davy, (to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you), but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his *voice*, *action*, *conception*, and *person*, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?" "Yes, yes, my Lord, allow me those four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your encomium on Mr. Mossop."

CHARLES BANNISTER being caught one day in a shower of rain, went for shelter into a comb-maker's shop, where an old man was at work. I am sorry—said Bannister to the man—that a person at your time of life should have so much pain. Pain, I have no pain, thank God,---exclaimed the man.---Yes, you must, are you not cutting your teeth ?

Dignum and Moses Kean the mimick were both tailors and intimate friends. Charles Bannister met them under the piazza in Covent Garden arm in arm: 'I never see those men together,' said he, 'but they remind me of one of Shakespeare's comedies.' But which of them, Bannister? 'Why Measure for Measure.'

The following Anecdotes concerning farces are taken from a French author, and relate only to the French stage.

It is not here intended to give a history of ancient farces, which were almost numberless; for, according to Du Verdier, every person of wit formerly was a writer of them; and even in time the company called *Les Enfants sans Souci* continued to recite, and perform them; for adds he, the farce was but of one act, and was the more esteemed for being short.

It cannot but be owned that the first authors of this exhibition made great approaches to true comedy. It may be added, that they were entirely original; their authors could not imitate the Greek and Latin, with which they were unacquainted.

From these ancient farces the poets of the last age formed many of their pieces in one act. It would be difficult precisely to mark the time when farces first appeared, but we know of none till toward the end of the fifteenth century.

The authors who wrote for the theatres at that period composed pieces which were not published till long afterward, except those performed by *Les Confréres de la Passion*, *Les Enfants sans Souci*, *Les Histrions* and *Les Clercs de la Bazoche**. Our fathers greatly esteemed the farce of *Pathelin*. Among the most known are those of *Taberin*, *Turlupin*, *Gaultier Garguille*, *Gros-Guillaume*, and *Guillot Gorju*†.

Gaultier Garguille, *Gros-Guillaume*, and *Turlupin*, were journeymen bakers in the fauxbourg St. Laurent at Paris. They were friends, and, taking a fancy to perform comedy, they composed pieces, or rather comick fragments, which have since been named *Turlupinades*.—They assumed dresses, such as their characters demanded.

Gaultier Garguille usually performed the Schoolmaster, or the Doctor, with a book of songs which he had written and which he sold; and sometimes the master of a family, according to the subject of the piece. *Gros-Guillaume* adopted the character of a sententious person.

The demure *Turlupin* at some times was a valet and at others a cut-purse fellow of intrigue. He performed with great animation, and with him witty replies were not wanting.

* The Fraternity of the Passions; The Merry Blades; The Historians, or Story-tellers; and the Clerks of *La Bazoche*.

† All proper names.

They hired a small tennis-court, near the *Porte Saint-Jacques*, which is at present the entrance to the *Fosse de-L'Estrapade :* they had a portable theatre, and painted sail-cloth by the way of decoration.

Their performance was from one to two, especially for school-boys, and was repeated in the evening. The price of entrance was two *sous* six *deniers*, or about five farthings each.

The comedians of the Hotel *de Bourgogne* made complaints to Cardinal *de Richelieu* that three *Bateleurs* encroached upon their rights, and his eminence thought proper to judge of the affair himself. The *Bateleurs* were sent for to the *Palais Royal*, at that time called *Le Palais Cardinal*, and were ordered to perform under an alcove.

They chose one of their famous scenes, in which *Gros-Guillaume*, disguised like a woman melting in tears, endeavoured to appease the wrath of *Turlupin*, her husband, who would not listen to her, but threatened every instant to cut off her head with his sabre. This continued a full hour, the pretended wife being sometimes standing, sometimes kneeling, uttering a thousand whimsical things, endeavouring to move him in vain. His anger, on the contrary, did but increase. "You are an old hag," said he, "and I won't hear a word; I must and will kill you."—'Oh, dear husband,' answered she, 'I conjure you by the excellent cabbage-soup which but yesterday I made for your din-

ner, and which you thought so nice, spare me!' At these words the husband melts, the sabre drops from his hands, and exclaims—"Oh the jade! She knows my weak side. I can't live without my cabbage-soup; my mouth waters at the thought," &c.

In another of their scenes, Gaultier Garguille utters a thousand curses against maid-servants, adding that he was obliged to change them every week; and having recounted all their faults, finished with their dirtiness, twenty times repeating that he had found them combing their heads in the frying pan and the porridge pot, and that he was no longer surprised to find hairs in his omelet and soup.—'Oh,' answered Turlupin 'I have found the phenix of servant-maids; you shall meet with no more hairs in your soup, for she always combs her head into the wine vat!'

Rude as these farces were, they pleased the cardinal, who, sending for the comedians, reproached them because their pieces were too dull, and ordered them to receive these comick actors into their company.

Gros-Guillaume had an extremely large belly which inconvenience greatly contributed to his pleasantry. He wore two girdles on the stage, the one low and the other high; the effect of which was so whimsical, that he might have been taken for a hogshead, and his girdles for hoops. He wore no mask, but covered his face with flour, which he could manage so a-

droitly as, by the motion of his lips, to throw it over those to whom he spoke.

He was much afflicted with the stone, and often, when about to go on the theatre, felt such severe pain as to make him cry. Still he would persist; and, while he performed his part with a sorrowful face, and his eyes swimming in tears, he excited as much laughter as if his mind and body had been at ease.

Afflicting as this complaint was, he lived to the age of eighty, and it was even then supposed that his death was occasioned by an accident. He had the effrontery to mimick, so as not to be mistaken, a magistrate who habitually made grimaces, for which sentence was pronouuced against him and his two companions. They fled; but *Gros-Guillaume* was thrown into prison, which brought on a fit that occasioned his death. *Gaultier Garguille* and *Turlupin* were so much afflicted that they both died in the same week.

The following story will give the reader some idea of the nature of the ancient farce. "In the month of August, 1550, an advocate "fell into such melancholy and alienation of "mind that he affirmed and believed himself "to be dead. For this reason, he would neither speak, laugh, eat, nor walk, but continued "in bed.

"He became at last so weak that it was every hour expected he would expire, when a "nephew of his wife happened to arrive, who,

" having ineffectually endeavoured to per-
" suade his uncle to eat, began to think of ef-
" fecting a cure by artifice.

" With this intent he caused himself to be
" clothed in a winding sheet, in the manner of
" bodies about to be buried, except that his
" face was uncovered, and to be carried and
" placed on a table with four lighted wax can-
" dles around him, in the chamber where his
" uncle was lying.

" Every thing was so well imitated, that no
" one who saw him could refrain from laugh-
" ter ; not even the very nurse of the sick ad-
" vocate, afflicted as she was, nor the nephew
" himself, could forbear, he being moved by
" the strange grimaces of the persons around
" him endeavouring to contain themselves.

" The patient, for whom all this was done,
" asked his wife who was that upon the table ?
" and she answered, " It is the corpse of your
" deceased nephew." ' Nay,' answered the sick
" man, ' how can he be dead, since I have just
" seen him laugh till his sides ached ;' to which
" the wife answered, that the dead laughed.

" The advocate was desirous of making the
" experiment upon himself, ordered them to
" bring a looking glass, and tried whether he
" could laugh. Finding the thing very pos-
" sible, he was persuaded that the dead had
" that faculty, and with this his cure began.

" The nephew, after having continued lying
" upon the table about three hours, asked for

" something good, that he might eat. A ca-
" pon was presently brought to him, which he
" devoured, and likewise a pint of wine.

" Seeing this the advocate asked whether the
" dead could eat? And being assured they
" could and did, he then demanded some food,
" which was brought to him, and he eat with
" a good appetite. From this time he contin-
" ed to perform the actions of a man of sound
" understanding, and his melancholy was
" gradually removed. This history was made
" into a farce, then printed, and often played
" before his majesty, Charles IX. I being
" present."

SELECT SENTENCES.

POVERTY and riches are the names of want and sufficiency: he who wants any thing ought not to be called rich, and he who wants nothing, poor.

HE who would lead a quiet and secure life, must not engage himself in many things, either publick or private; nor attempt any thing above his own ability and nature; but have such a regard to himself, as to decline any exuberance of fortune that is offered him, assuming no more than he is able to bear; for the convenience of what we enjoy is more excellent than the largeness of it.

POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MY EDWIN.

WHO taught me love's extatick glow,
Whence all the joys of mortals flow,
And fill'd my heart with pleasing woe?
My Edwin.

With woe at first, because I fear'd,
Some happier maid his heart endear'd,
And naught but misery then appear'd,
My Edwin.

His melting voice dispell'd those fears,
Drove back my sighs and dry'd my tears,
And lovlier far than e'er appears
My Edwin.

When first he own'd the thrilling pow'r,
And ask'd my heart, my only dow'r,
Heav'n smil'd and bless'd the happy hour,
My Edwin.

And well he knew 'twas all his own,
My eyes, a thousand times had shewn
That there, his image reign'd alone,
My Edwin.

For ah! how vain is ev'ry art,
To hide the trembling maiden's heart,
Who feels of love the torturing smart,
My Edwin.

Who's now my guide in virtue's way,
Who is my leading star by day,
And in my nightly visions play?
My Edwin.

Who bids the tear spontaneous flow,
At every tale of others' woe?
And who'll to misery aid bestow?
My Edwin.

Who, when I fly with wild alarms,
From pending clouds and threatning storms,
Will shelter me within his arms?
My Edwin.

Who oft at twilight's pensive hour,
Would wander with me in the bow'r,
And cull for me the fairest flow'r?
My Edwin.

Who'd pleasure with instruction blend,
Who strove my wayward heart to mend,
And prov'd the father, lover, friend?
My Edwin.

EMMA.

Dorchester, Jan. 6, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

FASHION.

The following lines were caused by the author's being called a Cynick for some observations he had made on Fashion.

I SEVERE? I a Cynick? good heaven forbid
I rail'd at the fair;—but grant that I did,
When truth is a libel I'll give up my cause,
And, world-ruling fashion, I'll bow to thy laws.
Cease, cease, cried an angry toned voice in my ear,
(I shrunk into silence, appalled by my fear)
'Twas Fashion herself in her glory array'd,
All her jewels, her gems, and her beauty display'd;
Her hair artificial, in negligent fold
A gem bedecked comb, placed obliquely, did hold;
Herforehead's fair curls her mild eyes scarcely shew,
Her bosom expos'd, rose soft throbbing to view;
Her arms, as they floated sublime on the air [bare,
To shew their sweet form, to the shoulders were
And her robe, thin and small, her fair form gave to sight,
That show'd through its folds a purpureal light.
Cease, traitor! she cried, nor my power disallow,
I rule all the world from the throne to the plough;
But chief o'er the fairest extends my domain,
There unbounded, adored, despotick I reign;
I teach them to dress, and to sing, and to dance,
Send them waltzes so chaste, and cotillions from France.

Their minutes, swift flying, I crowd with delight,
Turn winter to summer, and day into night;
O my dearest delights! my visits, my calls
My parties, my dinners, assemblies, and balls,
And 'mong my attendants, I'm sure I ne'er had
Or Prudence, or Wisdom, or Religion, so sad.
But why should I name my delights as they rise,
My rites, never seen by your cynical eyes?
Our new modes of dress, and the colours we wear,
Thy dictates, Simplicity, ever held dear,
For to make our dress simple as grand-mother Eve's,
Instead of our muslin we only want leaves.
As to you, Mr. Cynick, I sincerely advise
That you strive little more in our favour to rise
You must leave off your silence, your awkwardness, gloom,
And deck yourself out in Fashion's full bloom.
Learn to talk about nothing, be witty on weather,
And praise a new bonnet, admire a new feather;
And lastly, to gain the sure praise of the fair,
Learn to dress, lie, and flatter, dance waltzes and swear.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SONG.

I saw a flower, fair, newly blown,
And thought to make its sweets my own:
But O! within its downy breast
It fondly lull'd a Bee to rest.

A truant bee who left his hive,
With her in sweets and love to live,
Shook from his roseate couch of bliss,
The flower's soft breast and honied kiss.
On me he flew with angry wing,
And anguish tells how keen his sting.

'Tis thus with beauty—fair it blows,
As fair and sweet as Persia's rose;
But wouldst thou seek it, O beware,
For *love* the *bee* doth nestle there.

BION.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

PURE as the snow-drop bending in the vale,
O'er whose soft bosom floats the vernal gale;
Where'er she moves a heavenly radiance plays,
Enchanting beauty chains the raptur'd gaze:
Let 'plauding seraphs waft her matchless fame,
Live in her praise, and die upon her name.

ROSINA.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

BY WM. JULIUS MICKLE.

FAIR was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the God display'd;
All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

So Shakespeare's page, the flower of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose had charms for every eye,
'Twas nature's genuine image, wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame;
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by Heaven—-and all the picture liv'd.

SONNET,

By Wm. Drummond.—1616.

Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.

Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor vice, whose sounds more strange effects do show,
Than of the Thracian harper hath been told.

Look at this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill these flowers,
Shall once, ah me, not spare that spring of yours.

THE SERAPH.

AN ODE.

WHEN Nature bursts the gelid spell,
Prepar'd in Winter's polar dell,
Where shades unblest for ever moan
Around the tyrant's ice-pil'd throne,
To the pure spirit of the Spring
I ope the portals of the skies,
While, from her sun-illumin'd wing
She waves the gales of Paradise;
Her beaming eye, of azure hue,
Shines thro' the dim receding storm,
While clouds, fill'd with ambrosial dew,
Serenely float around her form!

My breath expands the new-sprung flowers
That scent the breeze in myrtle bowers,
As wide I spread my guardian wing
To shield the infancy of Spring.
In blushing wreaths, for Nature's brow,
The olive and the rose I weave;
While, on each zephyr-shaken bough,
The moon beam lights the tears of eve.
I guide thro' the etherial maze,
From spheres of pure eternal light,
Yon star, whose trembling lustre plays
Thro' the dim shadowy form of night.

I hover o'er the twilight dell,
Near Contemplation's mossy cell,
To pour upon the rising winds
The hymns that charm seraphick minds.
When Genius sheds her kindling beam,
To wake the ardent soul of fire,
I aid the young enthusiast's dream,
Lur'd from above by Fancy's lyre.
While Hope for him unfolds her bower,
My warblings fill the blest abode;
Pure as the transports of the hour
When infant spirits hail their God.

I guard the hallow'd turf-built dome,
The cottager's sequester'd home;
Where pure Religion holds her reign,
Nor dreams of Superstition's chain.
When grateful vespers float on high,
Rais'd o'er the altar of the Even,
I smite my harp in ecstasy,
To hear on earth the songs of heaven.
When artless bosoms own the fire,
That burns on rapt Devotion's shrine,
I list, while Mercy's golden lyre
Awakes the energies divine.

Borne on the pinions of the gale,
That breath'd delight thro' Eden's vale,
I watch'd at eve the sacred grove,
Far from my seraph throne above:

But when the reign of terrour came,
Shrieking I fled the scenes below,
While Nature, thro' her mighty frame,
Trembled in convulsive woe.
And when the erring wanderers fled
O'er many a tempest-shaken hill,
I pour'd my wild notes o'er their head,
They smil'd and thought it Eden still.

But now, while storm-vext surges roar,
And dash their proud heads on the shore,
As ruthless demons madly tear
The chaplet from the ripening year;
From earth I wing my rapid flight
O'er Ruin's time-defying tower,
To bask in silver rays of light,
O'ershaded by some lunar bower.
And there I sweep the trembling string,
Responsive to the songs sublime,
My kindred spirits love to sing,
Soothing the aged breast of Time.

ZEPHYR.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

Zephyr! whither are you straying,
Tell me where?
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair?

A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honey-suckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hare bell riding,
Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air;
At noon, when Neptune's sea nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair;
When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share;
Now seen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
While fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare!

ODE ON TIME.

By Miss Seward.

O'ER him, by health and fortune crowned,
Time steals with step so light,
Scarce are his faint impressions found
On the gay forehead's open round,
Or shining orb of sight.

Smooth as the young Camilla, borne
With printless step and fleet,
O'er plenteous fields of ripened corn,
Whose bending stalks the gales of morn
Bow on the passing feet.

But o'er the dim Form, pressed by woes,
He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad scythe, and as he goes,
Down falls the summer pride, and shows
Worn Nature's furrowed face.

TO HOPE.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow;
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
'Be calm, thine ills will end tomorrow.'

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doomed to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving!

Yet false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,
For February, 1807.

BOSTON THEATRE.

FEB. 3.—*Venice Preserved* and *Patie and Peggy*.

Of Mr. Cooper's *Jaffier* we cannot speak otherwise than in terms of the highest approbation; for of all the characters he has personated on our stage we do not remember one which has so unexceptionable a claim to critical applause. Mrs. Stanley's *Belvidera*, too, was truly excellent; and in the several scenes with *Jaffier* displayed uncommon powers to 'harrow up the soul.'

With fluttering pulse,
With eye bedewed, and sorrow-troubled breast,

a house, overflowing in every part, testified their approbation.

Pierre was performed by Mr. Morse, a gentleman of Massachusetts who has been for a few weeks under the tuition of Mr. Cooper. He was well received; and excepting a few instances of misplaced emphasis, he acquitted himself respectably. With such a man as Mr. C. for his tutor, he cannot fail of attaining superiour excellence and high professional rank.

Feb. 4.—*Rule a Wife and have a Wife* and *The Turnpike Gate*, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper. We believe this the only play of Beaumont and Fletcher that has ever visited the American stage. Mrs. Inchbald has prefixed to her edition of it the following remarks—

"The fifty-three plays which are published as the joint works of Beaumont and Fletcher, do not give them more reputation as poets, than their steady friendship confers honour upon them as men.

"To the querulous and the vain it must be a subject of astonishment, how two persons could derive fame so directly from the same source, as writing plays together, without contending which had the strongest claim to that general admiration, which their productions excited. To female authors, of all others, this long mental union must be matter of amazement! With them such a conjunction of efforts had been intolerable as soon as praise became the reward; each would then have demanded the largest share, prompted by the conscientious scruples of justice.

"There is one failing, notwithstanding their stable friendship, which likens these poets to the female sex—they did not write perfect grammar. It was the fashion of the times to be incorrect; and ease is the parent of genius. Shakespeare, who wrote at the same time, might have been restrained in many of his sublimest flights, by the dread of a modern Review.

"These allied dramatists wanted, however, neither learning nor the most refined society of the period in which they wrote, to qualify them for the task they fulfilled. They were both educated at Cambridge; and the father of Beaumont was one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, whilst Fletcher was son to the Bishop of London.

"Rule a Wife and have a Wife, as altered by Garrick, ranks foremost among the selected plays of these united authors, that are now performed; and though it has an unpleasing fable, with female characters perfectly detestable, yet is constituted with parts so ably written, so forcible in sentiment and humour, that actors of a certain class of excellence must ever give it powerful effect in the exhibition. But to preserve its fame on the stage, no common performers can be entrusted with the charge."

Mr. Cooper's Leon is a masterpiece of acting throughout the whole play; but if any scene can be selected as superiour to the rest, it is that at the close of the third act, where he is so wonderfully metamorphosed from an idiot to a polished gentleman. He gives the following passage with remarkable spirit and energy—

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at.

I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief.

In this also his emphasis and gestures are peculiarly forcible, and justly excite admiration—

He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it;
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour:
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to cover him.

Feb. 9.—*The Secret* and *The Four Seasons*. Mr. Bernard, after an absence of some weeks, appeared in the character of *Old Lizard*. He is the life of every play in which he sustains a part, and without him *The Secret* would have been insupportable.

Feb. 11.—*The Castle Spectre* and *Jew and Doctor*. *Osmond*, second time, by a gentleman of Boston. It would have been more favourable for this noviciate, had he chosen some other character for his second attempt. As the theatre was crowded on his first night, and novelty being the rage of the day, his repetition of the part excited but little curiosity.

Mrs. Powell was the *Angela* of the evening, and whether an "original" or a "representative," many parts of her performance were very pleasing; particularly the description of her last interview with Edwy, and of the evening, 'sweet and tranquil as the loves of angels.'

Mr. Bernard excited laughter in the knavish *Motley*, without having recourse to the old stale trick of stopping the mouth of *Alice* with his hands.

Feb. 13.—*Alexander the Great* and *La Peyrouse*. *Alexander* and *Clytus* were taken by Messrs. Usher and Dickenson, at very short notice; much of the dialogue was of course necessarily cut out. Mr. Usher's person is not such as will impart much dignity and effect to the characters of heroes and demi-gods; but his reading is generally unexceptionable. *Roxana* and *Statira*, by Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Stanley, received frequent applause. The other parts had little to recommend them to attention and still less to remembrance.

Feb. 18.—*The Revenge* and *Raising the Wind*. Mr. Fennel made his first appearance in Boston this evening, in the character of *Zanga*. Not having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Fennel's representation of Zanga, we are unable to speak of it from our own knowledge; but critical judges have pronounced it "the best which has ever been seen in Boston."

Feb. 20.—*Macbeth* and *High Life below Stairs*. Our expectations were highly raised to witness Mr. Fennel's personation of Macbeth, and they were in general amply fulfilled. Mr. F. possesses a good person and genteel carriage. He speaks correctly and with energy; and gives to many obscure passages of the text that peculiar tone and emphasis, which conveys their meaning to every understanding. With many

parts of his performance we were not merely pleased, but delighted ; and we recollect with pleasure his first soliloquy—

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act, &c.

The next soliloquy—

If 'twere done, &c.

had many prominent beauties.

This is a sorry sight,

was spoken with most eloquent and pathetick gesture, and made a strong impression. It was the language of a man who deeply felt the "compunctious visitings of nature." In short, we may truly say, that in Mr. Fennel's Macbeth we saw very little to censure and much to admire. If he did not always discover so much spirit, feeling, and enthusiasm as we could have wished, he never disgusted with "inexplicable dumb show and noise."

Mrs. Stanley shared our approbation with Mr. Fennel. Her Lady Macbeth was very excellent, and among many other superlative beauties we remember the inimitable expression of countenance and action, which she displayed in the delivery of her soliloquy after reading the letter.

Where, in the name of wonder, could our managers find so many stupid supernumeraries ? From what wild flock of cream-faced loons with goose looks, could they catch all the lily-livered patches, which fill up the *bleeding captains, messengers,* &c.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Boston theatre was crowded every night of Mr. Cooper's performance. Mr. C. received for his share of the profits upwards of 2000 dollars—A handsome reward for the services of nine evenings.

Mr. Bernard played at New-York to almost empty boxes. The theatre is almost deserted by the higher classes of people, for balls and assemblies.

Mr. Cooper, to add to the attractions of his theatre, has engaged Mrs. Warren for a few nights. She made her first appearance in Calista---Lothario by Mr. Cooper---Horatio, Mr. Morse.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE gentleman who sent us an original 'Elegy,' and several selected pieces, is requested to accept our thanks for the kind intentions expressed in his letter. To his selections we have no objection, except their frequent publication in other works. The Elegy, we presume, is the emanation of sympathetick friendship, but was never inspired by the Muses. It may please those who think a jingle of words constitutes the essence of Poetry; but we cannot consent to its publication, till the author's unpardonable violations of syntax are corrected. Beside, such rhymes as mov'd, food, *are not exactly to our taste.*

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M. Fennell.